

of his mission,—grateful for light and safety himself, to be a friend and benefactor to all, like himself, upon the waters.

Children's Department.

TWO AND ONE.

Two ears and only *one mouth* have you ;
The reason I think is clear :
It teaches, my child, that it will not do
To *talk* about all you *hear*.

Two eyes and only *one mouth* have you ;
The reason of this must be,
That you should learn that it will not do
To *talk* about all you *see*.

Two hands and only *one mouth* have you ;
And it is worth repeating—
The *two* are for work you will have to do,
The *one* is enough for eating.

THE NEW KEY.

"AUNT," said a little girl, "I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts and make them so willing."

"What is the key?" asked her aunt.

"It is only one little word. Guess what?" But aunt was no guesser.

"It is *please*," said the child. "If I ask one of the great girls in school, '*Please* show me how this sum is done,' she says, 'O yes,' and helps me at once. If I ask Sarah, '*Please* do this for me,' no matter, she will take her hands out of the suds and do it. If I ask uncle, '*Please*,' he says, 'Yes Puss if I can.' And then if I say, '*Please*, Aunt'—"

"What does Aunt do?" said Aunt herself.

"O you look and smile just like mother, and that is best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms round her aunt's neck, with tears of joy in her eyes. Let our youthful readers try this new key and they will value our advice.

A WASTE PAPER BASKET, AND WHAT WAS FOUND THERE.

Do you know what it is, my little friends, to look for a piece of paper that is worth something to you, and which has by accident been thrown into the waste-paper basket?

Many a time have I had to make such a weary search; and very glad I have been to find the lost piece, or perhaps the torn bits of it, one after another, which had to be carefully pasted together again.

Now, I am going to tell you what a Mohammedan once found in his waste-paper basket.

Not far from Agra, in the north-west of India, lies a large town called Bhurtpoor. Here there lived a man who belonged to the sect of the false prophet Mohammed, and in whose heart a secret longing was awakened after something he scarce knew what. What he sought was a way to free his soul from the burden of sin that oppressed him, to hear the glad tidings of a Saviour. He had no friend that could help him; certainly often they said to him, "Allah, Akbur!" "God is great," but that did not make him any happier. One advised him, indeed, to do something very hard, which should cause him great pain; or to make a pilgrimage, by which he would be sure of salvation and so obtain the peace he longed for.